

THE SUMTER BANNER.

VOLUME II.

SUMTERVILLE, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MAY 24, 1848.

NUMBER 30.

THE SUMTER BANNER:
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS:

Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.
Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (14 lines or less,) for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones.
All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public offices or trust—or puffing Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.
All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

Miscellany.

A CHAPTER ON EATING.

"HUNGERING man, Fruitful, if unsupplied."

Mr. Leonidas Boyd had partaken of a plentiful breakfast; he had read the morning papers through; he had stood directly in front of the fire, with his hands clasped under his coat-skirts, and was thoroughly warm; he had kicked off his slippers, and drawn on his nicely polished boots; he had muffled up in his sack, neck-cloth and gloves, put on his hat, and was passing down the door-steps, when a voice from behind arrested his progress; for Mrs. Leonidas Boyd exclaimed, "Don't forget the salt, my dear!" and a moment after, "nor the saleratus and starch!"

As men go, Mr. Leonidas Boyd was a good man, a kind husband, and an indulgent father. Not a day passed but his handkerchief was tied a half-dozen knots to remind him of things he never would remember; not a day in which he did not say, "Yes, my child and 'I will my dear!" to requests he was sure to forget. The butcher's bill, the coal-man's bill, the flourman's bill, the house rent, were all quickly settled, and cheerfully he bought cotton-cloth, new dresses, bonnets and schoolbooks; but there was ever a mystery to his masculine understanding. He could not comprehend what became of the minor groceries that went into his house and as he paced with quick steps the road leading to his place of business, his meditation ran thus:

"Don't forget the salt, my dear!" No, I won't forget the salt; but wonder what has become of the last I bought! "Starch and saleratus too." I never taste saleratus in any thing; the cook must throw that away; and starch—let me see; that goes into my shirts; but it can't take a pound for a shirt. There's, "soap," too, and a "few more eggs, my dear." Last week it was "some indigo, and a new mop; a little sand and some soda;" to-morrow it will be "Bristol brick and a pound of ginger."—What women want of so many things I cannot imagine; but my wife shall have what she wants if she is rational about what she calls "house-keeping."

Every town has its Leonidas Boyds; men whose perceptions are obtuse on the subject of small domestic needs; men to whom little wants are no wants at all, and to whose minds what they do not see used is sure to be wasted; men who wonder where the salt goes; men who think women make too much ado about house-keeping; men, in short, who are great connoisseurs of the culinary art in general, but have no conception of its multiplicity of details, and buy butter, sugar, lard, pepper and spice and verily think that they are doing their wives a great favor. Eating is on the whole a serious business. When we take into consideration the sustaining of vital energies and the consequent actions, the office of cook becomes one of solemn interest; and the incessant demands made by that orificium with which the human face divine, is garnished, seems but reasonable. The republican sometimes wonders if royalty condescends to roast potatoes and eat bread and butter, and thinks that Victoria should, like the fairies, be fed on broiled rose-leaves; or, if mortal, on pound cake and custard; at the farthest, should Her Majesty choose a bit of flesh, let it be a "squab-angel" or some cherub oysters—Prince Albert might have "four and twenty black birds baked in pie," and have high precedent therefor; and Montezuma, we read, relished his stew or fricasee of tender little child, dress a dish difficult to be furnished often in a private family.—But common people with common appetites will submit to coarse fare; and ever since our great grandmothers Eve got into the foolish habit of waiting upon Adam and handing him apples, it has fallen to woman's lot to be a cooking animal. Ages ago it was established as a fact that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. The Irishman sitting by his peat fire, begrimed with smoke, thinks

"The best comfort, under the sun, Is to sit by the fire till the 'aters is done."

A Dutchman smiles when he sees snits and scallies, and tastes sourkrout. The southern negro will dance after eating his

pokegreens and bacon. The city loafer is only happy when

Some faithful she Is fryin' saasangers for he.
The city merchant cries:
"A fine leg of mutton my dearie,
I pri' thee have ready at three;
Have it smoking and juicy,
And what better dish can there!"

The city "merchant-lord" must have his many courses; the fisherman his 'lob-scouse,' and the back woods-man his 'chicken-fixins' and 'shant-cake.' The careful house-wife, 'taught by experience,' soon discerns what this 'experience' before her eyes, what wonder that her heart is often in a greater tumult than the pots boiling tempestuously over the fire, and that her spirits will rise and fall with the bread in the oven? A kitchen, what is it? In the words of another, 'it is not a ware-house, nor a wash-house; a brew-house, nor a bake-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house.—No;' it absolutely and bona-fide neither more nor less than a kitchen; or as the law more classically expresses it, 'a kitchen is camera necessaria pro usus cookare cum sauce pannia, scullerio, dressero, coal-hole, stove, spook jackero, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plumb pudding mixandum, pro turtle-soupus calve's-head hashbus, cum calipee et caliphashibus.' And to be captain of this establishment, keep each boiler from bursting, and make three regular trips daily and found, from thence to the family table, requires some skill, fortitude, and patience; yes! and 'sugar and spice that's very nice.'

A man's theory of cooking consists in 'stirring up something' and baking it until it is done; carried into practice it would be worse than the French 'olla podrida,' wherein 'a little of any thing you have got is put into a pot half full of water, boiled an hour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and served up hot;' or on a festival-day it might amount to the Spanish recipe for the same dish: 'Take a little of every thing you have got, boil it hard for an hour, season it to your taste, and garnish it with parsley.' There is little romance about a kitchen fire-place. The beautiful theory of living upon the fruits of the earth is charming to the young maiden on the eve of matrimony and house-keeping. She will regale herself and her husband on apples, peaches and pears for breakfast. She will never become a drudge in her own house—not she! No doubt but a turnip field and a good well of water would sustain life; but we opine that our lord of creation would find his way to a cook-shop and our lady fair seek for consolation where the Duchess of Orleans said she could always find it in her times of affliction; in eating ham and sausages. Yet, after all, there is a satisfaction in having 'got up one's victuals' nicely, apart from the mere eating of them. A trifle, a stick of green wood, a falling of little soot from the chimney, a grain of salt or pepper too much or too little, and alas for the dinner! Or if the house-keeper has done it by means of her independent proxy, viz: help, then the trifle of a soft or hard word, and the whole family circle must be happy or unhappy. Happy it is, and she rejoices over her dinner, and feels thankful when it is over. How Madam Nature (a pretty good world-keeper we think) hung dinners on apple trees and made vines bear good breakfasts, caused the earth to send up bubbling springs of good hot soup, and made turkeys to run about roasted and chickens to issue fricasseed from the white houses of their infancy, we doubt whether man or woman-kind would have been as well satisfied. Did not Pait Tigg enjoy himself hugely when he thought

"To-morrow I'll kill my fat pig,
For I'm sure he'll make illigant mutton;
So then he goes into a hovel,
And hangs the pig up by the heel,
Cuts his throat so nate with the shovel,
And cries, 'this is the way to dress veal!'"

And did not the cobbler's wife bustle about and feel consequentially happy when her lame-legged spouse hung out his little shingle?

"Her Kake and Pise and Bier I sell,
And oysters stov'd in the wheel,
And fried 'uns tew for them that chews,
And with deapth mends Butes Shewell!"

MISQUOTATION.

An apt quotation frequently has the force of an original idea, and a speaker gifted with memory and tact in this way, often outshines a man of originality and talent. But a garbled or misapplied citation is like an over-charged musket, and does more damage to the owner than the enemy. A lawyer practising in one of our courts, was famous for the treachery of his recollection, and his fondness for quoting—an unhappy combination.

One day, in commencing an argument, he thought he saw a chance of applying the well known lines of Shakespeare—
"Who steals my purse steals trash," &c., &c., so he began:

"May it please your honor—who steals my good name steals trash....
"That's a fact, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the opposing counsel, and the court hid its face in the interior of an immense law-tome, while the majesty of the law was insulted by obstreperous laughter, ringing through the court room.

An ingenious mechanic in one of the southern cities, has made a small engine to rock his child's cradle! The length of the engine and boiler is sixteen inches and a half. It is about two women power, and is a great curiosity.

THE HOOSIER AND THE HARD-SHELL.

BY MAJOR JOS. JONES, OF PINEVILLE.
It's very refreshing in these days of progress, after rattlin' over the country for days and nights at the rate of twenty miles an hour in a railroad car—with your mouth full of dust and smoke, and with gob-every-latin clatter in your ears that you can't hear yourself think—to get into a good old-fashioned stage-coach. Ther's something sociable and friendly in stage coach travelling, so different from the bustle and confusion of a railroad, whar people are whirled along "slam bang to eternal smash," like they was so many bales and boxes of dry-goods and groceries, without so much as a chance of seein whar they're gwine, or of takin any interest in their fellow sufferers. I love to hear the pop of the whip, and the interestin conversation between the driver and his horses; and I like the constant variation in the motion of the stage, the rattle over the stones, the stillness of the drag through the heavy sand, the lunging and pitching into the ruts and gullies, the slow pull up the steep hills, the rush down agin, and the splashin of the horse's feet, and the wheels in the water and mud. And then one has time to see the country, to count the rails in the panels of the fences and the wimmin and children at the doors,—to notice the appearance of the craps, and the condition of the stock on the farms, and now and then to say a word to the people on the road side. All these things are pleasant after a long voyage on the rail road. But what still more agreeable about stage-coach travelling, is that we have a opportunity of makin the acquaintance of our fellow passengers, and of conversin with 'em, or studyin their interestin traits of character, which, from the strikin contrast they often present, never fail to amuse if they don't interest our minds.

When I was down South last fall, I had a pretty fair specimen of a stage ride from Warrenton to Milledgeville, in Georgia. The road wasn't the best in the world, and didn't run through the most interest part of the State, but we'd a good team, a good stage, and a first rate driver, and the company jest about as good a one as could be jumped up for sich a occasion. Ther was nine of us, besides the driver, and I don't believe ther ever was a crowd of the same number that presented a greater variety of character. Ther was a old gentleman in black, with big round spectacles and a gold headed cane, a dandy gambler, with more gold chains about him than whar would hang him, a old Hardshell preacher, as they call 'em out in Georgia, with the biggest mouth and the ugliest teetn I ever seed, a circus clown, whose breath smelled strong enuff of licker to upset the stage, a cross old maid, as ugly as a tar-bucket, a butifull young lady with a pair of the prettyst bright eyes, a drover from Indiana, what was gwine to New Orleans to git a army contract for beef, and myself.

For a while nobody didn't have much to say. The young lady put her green veil over her face and leaned her head back in the corner; the old maid sot up strait, and looked as sharp as a steel trap; the old gentleman drummed his fingers on his cane, and looked out of the window; the circus man tried to look interestin; the gambler went to sleep; the preacher looked solemn, and the hoosier stuck his hed out of the window to look at the cattle what we passed evry now and then.

"This aint no great cook country," ses he to the old gentleman with the cane.

"No," ses the old gentleman.

"Ther's very little grazing here, and the range is pretty much wore out."

"Then ther was nothing sed agin for some time. Bimeby the hoosier opened agin:

"It's the d—st place for simmon-trees and turkey-buzzards I ever did see!"

The old gentleman with the cane didn't say nothing, and the preacher gave a long groan. The young lady smiled through her veil, and the old maid snapped her eyes and looked sideways at the speaker.

"Don't make much beef here, I reckon," ses the hoosier.

"No," ses the old gentleman.

"Well, I don't see how in the h—ll they all manage to git along in a country whar they aint no ranges, and they don't make no beef. A man aint considered worth a cuss in Indiana whar has't got his brand on a hundred hed."

"Yours is a great beef country, I believe," ses the old gentleman.

"Well, Sir it, aint nothing else. A man that's got s'en enuff to foller his own cowbell with his aint in no danger of starvin.—I'm gwine down to Orleans to see if I can't git a contract out of Uncle Sam to feed the boys what's been lickin them infernal Mexicans so bad. I spose you've seed them cussed licks what's been in the papers about the Indian boys at Bony Visty."

"I've read some accounts of the battle," ses the old gentleman, "that didn't give a very flattering account of the conduct of some of our troops."

With that, the Indian man went into a full explanation of the affair, and, gittin warmed up as he went along, begun to cuss and swear like he'd been through a dozen campaigns himself. The old preacher listened to him with evident signs of displeasure, twistin and grownin till he couldn't stand it no longer.

"My friend," ses he, "you must excuse me, but your conversation would be a

great more interestin to me—and I'm sure it would please the company much better—if you wouldn't swear so terribly. It's very wrong to swear, and I hope you'll have respect for our feelings, if you haint no respect for your Maker."

If the hoosier had been struck with thunder and lightning, he couldn't been more completely tuck aback. He shut his mouth right in the middle of what he was sayin, and looked at the preacher, while his face got as red as fire.

"Swarin," ses the old preacher, "is a terrible bad practice, and ther aint no use in it, no how. The Bible ses, swear not at all, and I 'spose you know the commandments about swearin'?"

The hoosier didn't open his mouth.

"I know," ses the old preacher, "that a great many people swear without thinkin, and some people don't believe the Bible."

And then he went on to preach a regular sermon agin swearin, and to quote Scripture like he had the whole Bible by heart. In the course of his argyment, he undertook to prove the Scriptures to be true, and told us all about the miracles and prophecys, and ther fulfillment. The old gentleman with the cane, tuck a part in the conversation, and the hoosier listened, without ever opening his mouth.

"I've just heard of a gentleman," ses the preacher, "what's been to the Holy Land, and went over the Bible country. It's astonishin to hear what wonderful things he has seed. He was at Sodom and Gomorraw, and seed the place whar Lot's wife fell!"

"Ah?" ses the old gentleman with the cane.

"Yes, ses the preacher, 'he went to the very spot, and what's the remarkablest thing of all, he seed the pillar of salt what she was turned into!'"

"Is it possible!" ses the old gentleman.

The hoosier's countenance brightened up, and his mouth opened wide.

"Yes, Sir; he seed the salt standing thar in this day."

"What!" ses the hoosier, "real, genuine, good salt?"

"Yes, sir, a pillar of salt, jest as it was when that wicked woman was punished for her disobedience."

All but the gambler, who was snoozin in the corner of the coach, looked at the preacher,—the hoosier with an expression of countenance that plainly told that his mind was powerfully convicted of a important fact.

"Right out in the open air?" he axed.

"Yes, standin right in the open field, whar she fell."

"Well, Sir, all I've got to say, is, if she'd drapped in our parts, the cattle would a licked her up long ago!"

The preacher raised both his hands at sich an irreverent remark, and the old gentleman hauged himself into a fit of the asmatics, what he didn't git over till we got to the next change of horses. The hoosier had played the mischief with the gravity of the whole party; even the old maid had to put her hankerchief to her face, and the young lady's eyes was filled with tears for half a hour afterwards. The old preacher hadn't another word to say on the subject, but whenever we cum to any place or passed anybody on the road, the circus man was certain to ask what was the price of salt.

PAT AND THE ENGINE.—The following which we find in the Boston Bee, is capital. If the editors have any more of the "same sort" left, we hope they will send them along.

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often employed as a stevedore, was observed intently gazing at a steam engine, that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his fist at the "arnal critter," he exclaimed—

"Choog, choog, spel, same it, and be bothered, ye old child o'Satan, that ye are! Ye may do the work o'twenty fellers—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth—but by the powers, now ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye?"

IRISH COUNTING.—"Teddy, me b'y, did ye go to the party last night?"

"Och! warn't I there, darlin'! And warn't it a fine time we had Jemmy!"

"How many of the b'ys did ye 've there?"

"Oonly four."

"An' who were they?"

"There was meself, that's one; there was Barney Flin, that's two; the two Croghans, an' that's thraa; an—an—fair, there was four."

Teddy commenced his count again.

"The two Croghans is one; meself, that's two; an' Barney Flin is thraa—is thraa—but—there was four, oonly how!"

Not satisfied with three, Teddy scratched his pate, and very emphatically recommenced his counting.

"There was Barney Flin, that's one; an' the two Croghans, that's two; an' meself, that's thraa;—an—an—be daa there was four—but I can't tink o' the uther one!"

"You have got thin shoes," said Caroline's mamma to her daughter, 'and they will wear out right off.' 'I got them to wear out, right off,' said, she, as she thrust her arm under that of her beau, and swartwouted.

Let your light so shine that subscribers will be enabled to see the Editor's wants and then plank up the cash like honorable men.

PUBLIC MEETING.

BARRETT C. H. MAY 24.

The citizens of this place met in the Masonic Hall to-day at 10 o'clock A. M. to take into consideration the rumors which had reached them concerning a person lately arrived here, calling himself Dr. L. Major, a Lecturer on the Philosophy of Magism, and who was suspected of being an Abolitionist emissary.

On motion, Mr. Lewis O. Bannon was called to the chair, and James McKenzie was requested to act as Secretary.

The chairman stated to the meeting the object for which it had been assembled, and called upon those present who knew anything about Dr. Major to make the same known to the meeting.

Col. B. H. Brown and others then stated the information they had received concerning this individual; the opinions which he had expressed in this community; from which it appeared that Dr. Major represented having come from the north a few months since—he had been an abolitionist, but that he was not quiet so much in favor of that doctrine, now—that he spoke against slavery wherever he went, but professed to be in favor of it—that in Beaufort district, he had been seen in a field conversing with the slaves, who were gathered around him—that the owner of these slaves ordered him off, and questioned the slaves as to what they had been told by Dr. L. Major, and they did not answer—that the citizens of Roberville had threatened to take him up, and that he had expressed surprise that slaves were not permitted to sit up eat at the same table with their owners. It appears also that Dr. Major was travelling with a female supposed not to be a white person.

These matters having been submitted, J. Patterson Esq. addressed the meeting on the course to be taken under these circumstances, and advised an investigation into the facts.

E. Bellinger Jr. Esq. then made a few remarks expressive of his views of the matter, and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That Dr. L. Major, who purports to be a Lecturer on animal magnetism, but of whose sinister designs in relation to our peculiar institutions, as we have received sufficient proof, be, and he hereby is, requested to leave the village immediately.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to carry the above resolutions into effect, and to transmit to his Excellency such information as may be necessary for Executive actions in the premises.

Resolved, That the committee do institute such other proceedings as may be necessary to enforce the Abolition Act of 1844, and to protect our slaves.

The chair appointed Messrs. E. Bellinger, Jr., J. Patterson, and J. M. Hutson the Committee of three under the second resolutions; and the meeting adjourned to meet again at the call of the Chair.

On re-assembling, Mr. E. Bellinger, from the committee of three, reported that they had made known to Dr. Major the resolutions adopted, and had allowed him two hours to get ready to start. But on Dr. Major's asserting his innocence and claiming to be heard in his own defence, the committee, in order to avoid the least appearance of injustice, had suspended action. And as the individual was present, Mr. Bellinger moved that he be now heard accordingly. To this the meeting readily assented, and Dr. M. then went into a defence of himself. He admitted that he was opposed to slavery in the abstract, and that the citizens of Beaufort district had charged him with being an abolitionist, but he denied the statements which charged him with having barangued any slaves or interfered with the institution of slavery. He said he had discussed the question of slavery with a great many persons in the South, referring to them by name, but had done so in private, and protested that he was a pro slavery man. He also said that he had challenged the citizens of Roberville to hold a public meeting to hear his views on slavery, and in all his lectures, but one, since he had heard of the suspicions against him, he had explained his opinion of the condition of slaves; and that at the north he was an abolitionist, and considered that slavery was oppressive and injurious to the negroes, but here his opinions had been modified—and said that he was preparing a course of six lectures, to be delivered in Boston on the subject of slavery.

Dr. Major went into these matters at considerable length, and was listened to with great patience. When he had concluded, Mr. Bellinger, after a few preliminary remarks, offered the following preamble and resolutions:

This meeting having heard Dr. L. Major in his defence, and learning nothing from him calculated to alter their views of his character as set forth in the first resolution, heretofore adopted therefore.

Resolved, That a Committee of ten be appointed to cause the said Dr. L. Major to quit our village forthwith.

After an interchange of views as to the best mode of proceeding, in which Messrs. Bellinger, R. A. Gantt, J. M. Hutson, D. Elliott and Wm. H. Thompson participated, the resolution was adopted, and the following gentlemen appointed the Committee:

E. Bellinger, Jr., J. Patterson, J. M. Hutson, N. G. W. Walker, S. W. Trotti, E. L. Patterson, Dr. J. O. Hagood, M. R. Stansell, Seth Daniel and Wm. H. Thompson.

On motion, ordered, That these proceedings be published in the newspapers.

The meeting then adjourned.

L. O'BANNON, Chm'n.

J. MCKENZIE, Sec'y.

The committee of ten discharged the duty assigned them, and request Southern newspapers to publish the proceedings. It is also proper to add, that some hours after they had performed their duty, still further proof was received as to the true character of the said Dr. L. Major—in particular as to his habit of possum hunting with negroes, in order to deliver philosophical lectures on freedom; and also to his carrying about him a chemical preparation to change the color of the skin. It will thus be seen, that our community have acted towards Dr. Major with a forbearance which will not be repeated if he can be found within this district.